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Conviction and Death of an Infidel.

[FROM THE CONNECTICUT EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.]

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

Instances which have clearly shewn the fallacy of infidel principles, and their insufficiency to support the anxious mind in the near view of death, whether they have fallen under our own observation, or have been satisfactorily attested by others to have recently happened, have a mighty tendency to impress our minds with a sense of the value and importance of revealed truth.

If the following narrative, given at the request of one of your committee, shall be thought worthy a place in your useful Magazine, you have liberty to publish it :....

ABOUT two years since, a parishioner of mine died. His name I omit to mention. In the latter part of his life he had professed himself a *Deist*, though he had not been educated in that way. He was a person fond of company, addicted to ridicule and banter; and most of all delighted to deride the Christian religion and sacred Scriptures. Being infirm and unable to labor, he employed more time than usual in reading. His taste, however, was vitiated; and his books were chosen according to his taste. His reading served only to poison his principles, and render his conversation more dangerous to society. His favorite volumes were Allen's Oracles of Reason, Paine's Age of Reason, and others of the like kind. These he had so attentively perused, that he was able to repeat from his memory a great proportion of each. Whenever I occasionally called at his house, he was hospitable and civil; but a ways ready to lavish encomiums on the writings of Voltaire, Allen, and Paine. He would say that he thought their reasonings to be unanswerable; that the Christian system was well calculated for old women; that had he

a family of children, he believed he should enjoin them to attend on ministers, in public; but with no other view, than to educate them to order, and make them better members of society. After much conversation with him, on this subject, I ventured to express my opinion, that should I survive him, I should find him to entertain sentiments very different from these, in the closing scene of his life. To this he replied, "No, sir, you shall find me die like a hero."

After a few months, hearing that he was very sick, and that it was the request of his wife, that I should make him a seemingly incidental visit, I complied with her request, and went to his house. When I entered his chamber, and inquired respecting his health, he held his eyes closed, and told me he was very ill; that he felt unhappy that he could have no conversation with me; but that it was a fact, that he could neither converse himself, nor hear me converse. I replied that I was equally unhappy on the same account; for having known his sentiments on religious subjects, for years past, I was anxious to know whether the awful realities of the future world appeared to him now in the same light, in which he had fancied they would appear, in such an hour as this? *

After pausing for some time, he said, "I do not see any reason, as yet, for altering my opinion." Well, sir, said I, to your own master you stand or fall. I then took leave, or was about to retire from the chamber: Upon which his wife spoke; "Sir, said she, I hope you will not leave us, till you shall have prayed with my husband." He then opened his eyes for the first time, and reproved his wife for interesting herself in any matters which concerned him. I then told his wife that her husband had said that he was so unwell, that he could not hear me converse: I supposed he must have the same objection to hearing me pray. Begging her for that reason, to excuse me. I made a second attempt to retire. His daughter and only child, then stood between me and the door; and with tears in her eyes, "entreated me not to leave the chamber, till I had prayed with her father." I made the same objection to the daughter which I had before made to the mother. He then opened his eyes again, and after

* It was thought by his friends that he would not live through the night.

dropping some tender expressions respecting his child, said that since it was her desire, that I should make a prayer, at that time, he would not object.

I prayed with him; and in the prayer, used some expressions which might naturally bring to his view those awful and interesting truths, which I had not the opportunity to express in conversation. When I had prayed, I took leave, and retired.

On the next morning, or the second morning after, (I am uncertain which of the two) a messenger was sent to me before sun-rising, requesting me to visit this sick man as speedily as possible. The messenger told me that the man was anxious to see me before his death. Accordingly I went; and when I arrived, found him on his feet, supported by two men. The muscles of his face were distorted; death was depicted in his countenance; and his whole visage exhibited a ghostly appearance; yet his understanding was clear. "Sir, said he, I am glad to see you once more; I have had a singular dream the night past, and am anxious to hear your interpretation."

He then related the dream, which was in substance, as follows :....." I had, in sleep," said he, "an idea that I was upon the side of a river, opposite to that on which I lived; how I passed the same, I do not remember. On the brink of this river, (which exhibited a shocking prospect, was rapid, rocky, and black as hell) there was an exceeding high mountain, in the shape of a tea cup inverted, and apparently of as smooth a surface, from about the middle upwards; the lower part of the mountain was covered with small bushes. I was propelled to ascend this mountain, by the river's bank, as difficult and desperate as such an attempt appeared to be. With great fatigue and difficulty I ascended as far as I was aided by the bushes; though frequently, through weakness, tremor, and the frightful view of the hideous gulph below, my heart and strength nearly failed me; and I felt myself to be on the verge of destruction. I thought with myself, what shall I do now? It has been with great difficulty and hazard that I have ascended so far, with the feeble assistance which I have had; but how is it possible that I can proceed further? However, I must go forward. Casting my eyes on one part of the mountain and another, I discovered some small bushes growing out of the mountain at the northwest

direction. I thought that if I could possibly climb a smooth place until I could seize the bushes, I could be supported by them till I could take breath, and be prepared for a further exertion. I summoned up all my resolution; stuck my feet into the earth, as far as I was able; took the advantage of an oblique direction, and at length reached the bushes; which I no sooner seized, than they immediately broke, and exposed me to instant destruction. My difficulties and hazards increasing every moment, I anxiously sought for something to support me; for I could not remain in my then present situation for more than a very short time. To my great joy, I spied a stone shooting out of the mountain, in a southeast direction. I thought, if I could but ascend to that, I might be secure enough. With caution I turned, and shifted my course, exerted myself to the utmost, and reached the stone. As soon as I bore upon that stone, it rolled from its bed, and descended to the bottom, into the hideous stream, threatening to take me along with it. Frightened and astonished at my marvellous escape; at the prospect below me; and the desperate attempt of making further advances upward; finding nothing to afford me the least aid or support; yet unable to hold that situation more than a moment longer, I thought that I must now throw myself on fate, leap for my life, and if I failed, I must fail. I accordingly exerted my whole strength, and reached the summit of the mountain.

"After a little respite, reviewing the dangers which I had escaped, and the horrid appearance of the black gulf below, I began to question myself respecting my object in going to that place; from what motives, and for what end? Astonished at my infatuation, and blaming myself for my mad presumption, I said with myself, what remains for me to attempt next? To think of continuing here for any time, upon a smooth surface, on a small summit of a mountain, without the least support, or shelter, would be madness in the extreme; to attempt to ascend higher would be vain; to think of ever returning by the course through which I advanced hither, would be the height of presumption.

"In this dreadful situation, through anxiety of mind, I awoke, and found that the whole was a dream.

"Now, Sir, I have somewhere read of a mountain of hope; I did not know but this might be that mountain."

I replied to this effect:....That wherever writers made use of such a similitude, they doubtless had a meaning very different from that which he had supposed; and intended thereby to represent the strength and stability of the Christian's hope; founded in the mercy of God, and the merits of the Redeemer.

I told him, however, that while he was telling his dream, it appeared to me probable, that the dream was occasioned by some expressions that he had heard me use, when I prayed with him the other evening. It appeared to me that certain ideas had then impressed his mind, just as he was going to sleep; which furnished his imagination with matter for the dream which he had. But however that might be, his dream had, by a very apt similitude, represented the conduct of sinners, when they are under convictions from the Spirit of God. They are usually found to pursue every wrong course, before they can be prevailed with to take the right way.

Now, my friend, said I, you must be sensible, that your conduct for years, has been greatly to the prejudice of your spiritual interest. You strove to your utmost to rid yourself of those religious principles and impressions which were early fixed, and made by your education; in the belief of which you grew up to manhood. You have been assiduous in seeking for vicious and profane publications; with intent to poison your own mind, and the minds of all, to whom you had access. The consequence of which is this, that those profane writings have prejudiced your mind against the word of God, and the methods of his grace. When your conscience has admonished you of a judgment to come, you have had recourse to Ethan Allen for relief; but have found him to be like the bushes on the mountain, which broke as soón as you had seized them, and left you to fall headlong into the black gulf below!

You then eagerly seized hold of Thomas Paine, expecting a support from him; but like the stone which you thought you saw aloft, on which you no sooner leaned, than it rolled from its bed, and threatened you with instant death, so are you now left without the least support, and are forced to quit your hold.

You have sought one creature refuge and another; but find them all to be refuges of lies. Having toiled in vain, until your strength is exhausted, and life nearly closed, you are really in a forlorn state, which was in so lively a manner represented by your imagination in the dream. You are left at the summit of your hopes, in a condition, in which your soul must perish; or you have to undo all that which you have done.

Judge now for yourself, whether the light *of reason alone*, in which you have boasted, has been sufficient to show you the hope of everlasting happiness, equally with the atonement of that Savior whom you have denied and reproached?

I then told him, that I had with me, a volume of Dr. Lathrop's Sermons, in one of which Sermons, was a paragraph which applied so aptly to his case, that I wished him to attend while I should read it.

The reverend author, in describing the "obscurity and uncertainty of the way of the wicked, doth in a very striking manner, represent how the way of *that* wicked man is covered with darkness, who believes the great truths of natural religion, but discards Revelation.

The sick man attended to me as though it had been for his life. When I had finished the paragraph, he desired me to read it a second time deliberately. I did so. After which he exclaimed, Alas! Alas! Why have I never met with this author before? Whence is it, that in all my reading, I have never found truth exhibited in such a point of view? I do not know that I ever, for once, doubted the sufficiency of nature's light. Unhappy for me if I have been mistaken!

He then desired me to pray with him; but to pray "only to one God." My friend, said I, will you act the fool at this late hour, and justify the Infidel in reproaching the sacred Trinity? Who but Thomas Paine and his Infidel associates ever thought of Christians praying to more than one God? If you object to my mentioning the Savior, and going to God in his name, you may be assured that I shall not pray with you. He replied, in great agony, "for God's sake, pray with me speedily, and pray in your own way." I then prayed with him. After prayer, he appeared perfectly calm until I left him.

Afterwards his attendants informed me, that his mind was regular, for the greatest part of the day; though for short intervals, somewhat deranged. That in his calmest seasons, he would exclaim, "Oh the Savior of lost sinners! Oh Jesus Christ, how precious art thou!"

He took opportunity to reconcile himself to those of his connections with whom he had been at variance; and died that evening.

This instance, added to the long catalogue of others, which happened before, confirms our belief of the superior excellence of the Christian's faith; and shows us how little foundation the Infidel can have to boast of a system which can quiet his fears, and support his confidence in the gloomy prospect of approaching dissolution.

With respect, am, Gentlemen,
Your friend and servant,
DAVID PARSONS.

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Communications.

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On the gradual Increase of Gospel Illumination.

THE day is now breaking, how beautiful its appearance! How welcome the expectation of the approaching SUN! It is this thought makes the dawn agreeable, that it is the presage of a brighter light; otherwise, if we expect no more day than it is this minute, we should rather complain of darkness, than rejoice in the early beauties of the morning. Thus the life of grace is the dawn of immortality; beautiful beyond expression, if compared with the night and thick darkness, which formerly covered us; yet faint, indistinct, and unsatisfying, in comparison with the glory which shall be revealed. It is, however, a sure earnest; so sure as we now see the light of the Sun of righteousness, so surely shall we see the Sun himself, JESUS the LORD, in all his glory and lustre. In the mean time, we have reason to be thankful for a measure of light to walk and work by, and sufficient to show us the snares and pits by which we might be endangered: And we have a

promise, that our present light shall grow stronger and stronger, if we are diligent in the use of the appointed means, till the messenger of JESUS shall lead us within the vail, and then farewell shades and obscurity forever.

I can now almost see to write, and shall soon put the extinguisher over my candle; I do this without the least reluctance, when I enjoy a better light; but I should have been unwilling half an hour ago. Just thus, methinks, when the light of the glorious gospel shines into the heart, all our former, feeble lights, our apprehensions, and our contrivances, become at once unnecessary and unnoticed. How cheerfully did the apostle put out the candle of his own righteousness, attainments, and diligence, when the true Sun arose upon him? Your last letter is a comment upon his determination. Adored be the grace that has given us to be like minded, even to account all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of CHRIST JESUS the LORD.

While I am writing, a new lustre, which gilds the house on the hill opposite to my study window, informs me that the sun is now rising; he is rising to others, but not yet to me; my situation is lower, so that they enjoy a few gleams of sunshine before me, yet this momentary difference is inconsiderable when compared to the duration of a whole day. Thus some are called by grace earlier in life, and some later; but the seeming difference will be lost and vanish when the great day of eternity comes on. There is a time, the LORD's best appointed time, when he will arise and shine upon many a soul that now "sits in darkness, and in the region of the shadow of death."

I have been thinking on the LORD's conference with Nicodemus; it is a copious subject, and affords room in one part or other for the whole round of doctrinal and experimental topics. Nicodemus is an encouraging example to those, who are seeking the LORD's salvation: he had received some favorable impressions of JESUS, but he was very ignorant, and much under the fear of man. He durst only come by night, and, at first, though he heard, he understood not; but he, who opens the eyes of the blind, brought him surely, tho' gentle, forward. The next time we hear of him, he durst put in a word in behalf of CHRIST, even in the midst of his enemies, and at last, he had the courage openly and publicly to assist in preparing the body of

his master for its funeral, at a time when our LORD's more avowed followers had all forsook him, and fled. So true is *that*, "then shall ye know if ye follow on to know the LORD;" and *again*, "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might, he increaseth strength.

Hope then, my soul, against hope; though thy graces are faint and languid, he who planted them will water his own work, and not suffer them wholly to die. He can make a little one as a thousand; at his presence mountains sink into plains, streams gush out of the flinty rock, and the wilderness blossoms as the rose. He can pull down what sin builds up, and build up what sin pulls down; that which was impossible to us, is easy to him, and he has bid us expect seasons of refreshment from his presence. Even so, come, LORD JESUS.

OMICRON.

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Sketch of the Religious Experience of Deacon JOSEPH SYMONDS.

[*The following* "Sketch" *was written by Mr. Symonds, A. D.* 1806, *and, together with other papers, lodged in the hand of a friend, to be made public after the decease of the author. Deac. Symonds belonged to Hillsborough, (N. H.) He died, March* 30, 1809, *in the 77th year of his age.*]

TO all who may hear or read these lines, I would observe, that my reason for giving you this sketch is, *that I may be serviceable to all, both old and young, when I am dead and gone.* I am very fearful that many are walking in the same dangerous path, in which I walked the greatest part of my life. It is to be feared, that many are living and trusting in a legal, ceremonial religion, while they are utter strangers to experimental godliness. Confidence in our own self-righteousness is a fatal rock, on which many make shipwreck. Against this rock I should have dashed to my endless ruin, had not a gracious God shown me my danger, and turned me about. This he did in a remarkable manner. Let all the self-righteous

take warning by me, and flee to the atoning blood of Christ for safety.

I have reason to bless God, that I was born of pious parents; and, that they instrusted me in the great principles of religion. My mother, especially, took much pains to give me good counsel, and to warn me of danger. She told me that I ought to say my prayers every night and morning. She also told me *how* I must pray, and for *what* I must pray. She likewise informed me, that all men must die; and that at death the wicked would go to a place of sorrow and misery, but the righteous to heaven, where they would see God, and Christ, and all good men, and where they would be free from sorrow and pain, and for ever happy. She labored to lead me into right views of my Maker. She taught me that he is wise, good, merciful, and just. She exhorted me to remember, that his eye is always upon me; that he notes all my conduct; and that he will, at death, call me to account for all my deeds. Although I was young, yet this exhortation and counsel took deep hold on my mind. I was, particularly, much afraid of going to that dreadful place, of which she told me. Fear that I should go to hell, was what first led me to pray to God extempore. I was then about six or seven years old. From that time I always performed such prayer. And not only so, *but long did I rest on the observance of the externals of religion, without depending upon Christ.*

I have reason to bless God, that I had but very little inclination to practise *gross* immoralities, such as lying, intemperance, and, especially, *profane swearing*. But as I grew up, I mingled in gay scenes, and followed the vanities of youth. Although I was as airy as any of my companions; yet, when I retired to rest after scenes of amusement, I could not close my eyes to sleep, until I had said my prayers. When I had done this, I was easy, and vainly thought that my prayers had paid the debt. I pursued this manner of life till I was about nineteen years old. At this time I was seized with a violent fit of sickness. I was given over as being past recovery, by my physician, my friends, and even by myself. In this condition I was deeply alarmed. I was sensible that I had not lived as I ought to have done, and that I was unprepared for death. I then formed strong resolutions, that

if I should recover, I would live a more strict and exemplary life; that I would be more careful against running into the vanities and snares of the world; that I would be more engaged and fervent in my prayers than I had ever yet been; and that I would not run my devotions over in my former cold and careless manner. But all this while, I was depending on my round of duties, and was a stranger to the thought, that I could be saved *only* by free, unmerited grace, through the Lord Jesus Christ.—God was pleased to spare my life, and to restore me to health. For a while, I was careful to keep my resolutions. At length, however, I yielded to temptation, mingled again with my gay companions, and went in pursuit of worldly amusements. Thus my serious impressions gradually wore off, till I completely relapsed into my former stupidity. In this state of mind I remained, with little variation, till the time of my marriage, which took place when I was twenty-two years of age. As this important period drew near, I foresaw another duty which would then devolve on me, and which I had never performed, viz. family prayer. I had long been impressed with a sense of the importance and solemnity of this duty, and had formed a resolution that I would perform it, as soon as I had settled in a married state. When I moved home my wife, she was accompanied by several of her companions, who, like youth in general, were airy and thoughtless. When the hour for evening prayer arrived, I felt greatly intimidated, and had a severe trial. Having never performed this solemn duty, I feared that I should not have freedom to express myself in a proper manner; and that if I should attempt and then fail, I should excite mirth rather than solemnity. However, I surmounted these difficulties, and was enabled to perform with far greater freedom than I expected. From that time to the present, I have never been tempted to neglect this duty by reason of company.

In process of time I was blessed with children. I tho't that I ought to dedicate these children to Him who was the Former of their bodies, and the Father of their spirits. But as I and my wife were fearful that we were not prepared for full communion, we owned the baptismal covenant, and had our children baptized. We continued in this covenant, however, but about two years; for we then discovered our error, in supposing that we might be pre-

pared for one ordinance, and not for the other. We, therefore, very soon owned the sacramental covenant.—Having taken this solemn covenant upon me, I felt myself to be under the most solemn obligation to live a watchful life. And, indeed, I became more strict in my family on the sabbath. I did not allow my children to walk abroad, nor myself to meditate on worldly things. The practice of thinking and conversing on worldly objects on the sabbath, was then (as it is now) a very common and alarming sin. I was also much dissatisfied with the manner in which many spent the intermission on the sabbath. They would collect into circles, and spend the season in unbecoming and trifling conversation. To avoid this disagreeable company, I and two others formed an agreement to meet by ourselves on sabbath-day noons, and spend the time in religious conversation.

Moreover, I made it my constant practice to teach my children *the catechism* once in every week; to warn them of their dangers; and to charge them to shun vice and follow virtue. In this way I lived till I was between sixty and seventy years of age. I rested satisfied with my ceremonial religion during all this time. I flattered myself that all was well, and that at death I should go to happiness. In short, I vainly thought that I should purchase salvation by my strictness in duties. I endeavored to establish my own righteousness, while I was unwilling to submit to the righteousness of Christ as the only foundation of pardon, justification, and eternal life. I walked in this delusion, till God was graciously pleased, in a sudden and unexpected manner, to open my eyes, and clearly to convince me that, like Adam, I had been endeavoring to cover myself with a garment of my own weaving. This garment instantly left me, and I saw myself to be naked, and justly exposed to all the penalty of God's holy law. I once thought that I had so far kept this law, as that I might expect salvation by its deeds. But God now revealed to me *its nature*, *extent*, and *spirituality*. He showed me that this law *reached my heart*, and required *pure love and holiness*, while it condemned all self-righteousness. My past life then looked to me like one continued scene of rebellion. I found that I had never performed *one* religious duty with a right temper of heart. I sensibly felt the words of St. Paul; "I was alive without

the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." For a while, I was in a state of despair. Who can describe the horrors of conscience and the gloom of mind, which I then felt! I verily thought that I should suffer banishment from the favorable presence of God; yea, that I should soon drop into hell. And I clearly saw, that were God to send me into that awful place, his throne would be spotless. No tongue can describe the agonies of mind which I then experienced. I called to remembrance the following words of the poet, and thought that they were perfectly applicable to my situation:—

> "The frantic soul, in wild despair,
> Roves round this earthly tabernacle;
> Seeks to ev'ry corner, finds no light,
> But sinks *down*, *down* to endless woe."

The first thing which let a gleam of hope into my mind, was the words of our Savior on the cross; "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I remained in this despairing state for sometime. I saw myself to be *poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked.* My foundation was taken from me; and I clearly saw that I must sink into endless woe, unless God should be pleased to take me out of the miry clay of sin, and place my feet on Jesus Christ, the Rock of ages. I saw that my heart was destitute of holiness, and utterly opposed to God; and, therefore, that it must be renewed by free and sovereign grace, or I could not dwell in heaven. And I now trust that, through infinite grace, God then renewed my heart, taking away the heart of stone and giving a heart of flesh. I trust that he then took me from my foundation of sand, and placed me on the immoveable Rock, Christ Jesus. On this Rock I build all my hope. In the garment of the Redeemer's righteousness I hope to appear before my Judge, and there stand acquitted to the glory of divine grace.

My hope of a saving interest in Christ, was at first weak, and my light faint. But I trust that this light gradually brightens. Still, however, I am at times surrounded with great darkness. As clouds sometimes pass over the natural sun, and occasion alternately shade and sunshine; so the clouds of sin and fear pass between the Sun of righteousness and my soul, and occasion alternately light and darkness in my mind. When no cloud intervenes,

this Sun shines upon and warms my soul, filling it with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I find a warfare in my breast. I think I can truly say with the Apostle, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." At one time, I am in darkness; at another, I enjoy a comfortable hope. But, *by the grace of God, I am what I am.*

Now, my beloved friends, and fellow-travellers to eternity, I exhort you to take warning by me. You see by this sketch, that I once trusted in a ceremonial religion. I was so ignorant of the wickedness of my heart, and of the nature of the gospel, that I verily expected to be saved by my good deeds. But vain was my expectation. Blessed be God for showing me that I was building on the sand. I trust that, *through sovereign grace*, my hope is now built on a better foundation, even the worthiness of Jesus Christ, by faith in his name. O my friends, let me exhort you to be careful how you build your hopes for eternity. Let me assure you, that if you found them on your own doings, you will find, by woful experience, that they will perish with the expectations of the wicked. I entreat you with my dying breath, daily and closely to examine your hearts. *Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.* Be much in prayer. Daily search the holy Scriptures; and be careful to search them with impartiality. Exercise repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Let love to God and love to man reign in your hearts, and manifest itself in your lives. If you thus live, I can assure you that you will at last come off conquerors, and more than conquerors, through the blessed Redeemer. That this may be your character and portion, is the prayer of your dying friend,

JOSEPH SYMONDS.

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On the Cent Society.

The following was written and handed to one of the Editors of the Repository, by a lady of his society. We give it a place with pleasure, hoping that many whose hearts most readily respond to the evangelical sentiments contained in it, will be encouraged not only to contribute their mite, but also to exert their influence for the benevolent object. EDITORS.

THOSE who believe the Bible to be a revelation from God, and that its contents are of the first importance to mankind, will want no arguments to convince them, not only of their obligations to receive it with the greatest reverence, affection and gratitude themselves, but to do all in their power to spread the knowledge and belief of it among others. And indeed, who that has tasted the sweetness and felt the salutary refreshment of the fountain of life, but must wish to convey its living waters to others, that those who need may drink of the same heavenly streams and live forever? The great attention paid to this object, and the exertions to promote it, must excite the observation, and interest the feelings of every friend of Zion, and lead every benevolent and humane heart to wish to contribute, at least its mite, towards so noble a design. While the gentlemen of this and the neighboring States have made great exertions and expended immense sums in the support of Missionaries, we notice with great pleasure, that the Ladies likewise have not remained indifferent nor idle spectators, but have evinced their interestedness in the cause, by the sums collected through the medium of the Cent Society. Fearing this institution, from its name, may strike some as trifling or insignificant, and sincerely wishing it might be more known and extended, we extract the following paragraph from the Panoplist of August 1808.

"The Cent Society consists of females, who engage to pay one cent a week for the purpose of purchasing Bibles, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, Primers, Catechisms, Divine Songs, &c. to be dispersed by the Massachusetts Missionary Society, among the poor in the new settlements, and other places where few means are enjoyed for attaining the knowledge of the truth. Though the sum to be paid by each individual be inconsiderable, yet the remarkable suc-

cess with which the plan has been crowned demonstrates, that it is not to be despised. This institution commenced in 1802, and the sum which has been collected exceeds two thousand dollars."

"It is confidently hoped that this very eligible mode of aiding in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, which is within the compass of almost every person's abilities, will be more generally adopted, and continue to be a fruitful source to aid Missionary Societies in the great cause in which they are embarked. If benevolent individuals in each town or parish would undertake to procure subscribers, and collect the money, they might be the means of effectually promoting the cause of truth."

This society has become extensive in Massachusetts, and large sums have been raised, from this apparently inconsiderable source, and appropriated, by the Missionary Society in that State, to the purchase of religious books, which have been distributed among those who are unable to procure them. Some progress has been made on this plan in New-Hampshire, but we could wish it were more generally known in this and other States, as we are confident it need only be known to be patronized; for if feeding the hungry give delight to the benevolent heart, how much more to be in any degree instrumental in communicating the bread of life to starving perishing souls. If, as above suggested, benevolent individuals in each town or parish, would undertake to procure subscribers, and collect the money, to be applied by the Missionary Societies in their respective States, they might be the means of opening a living fountain to those, to whom the gift of a single cent, or even a cup of cold water, shall in no wise lose its reward.

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Selections.

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[FROM THE CONNECTICUT EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.]

BIRTH-DAY REFLECTIONS.

ONE year more of my mortal life is gone. How rapidly has it hastened away! How many precious hours have passed unimproved! How little has been done for God, who has lengthened out my life, and has been the health of my countenance! How little has been done for

my fellow-men! And how little for my soul! O criminal neglect! How manifold have been the mercies of God! How many sins have I added to my former offences! Base ingratitude! Surely I live to show forth the long-suffering of God. Wounding reflection, that I cannot remedy past neglects of duty, nor recall mis-spent time. I am now one year nigher the moment appointed in the calendar of time, for my dissolution....one year nigher death, that unknown something....one year nigher a new and untried state of existence....one year nigher the moment in which my state will be settled forever.....one year nigher the judgment day, when the universe will know what I have been, what I have done, what I am, and what I shall forever be. Solemn thoughts! Let them ever dwell upon my mind and increase my watchfulness, prayerfulness, and obedience.

I now enter upon another year; perhaps the last year of my life. It may carry me to the grave, and usher my soul into eternity. Then gird up thy loins, O my soul! Be sober, and watch unto the end. Let not the present be numbered amongst thy mis-spent years. What new scenes will open is now unknown. The wheel of Providence is continually turning. Whether it raise thee up or cast thee down is perfectly uncertain. It is then thy wisdom to prepare for adversity. To this thou art a stranger. But adversity will come, if thou hast a share in the salvation of Christ. Put on patience and submission, and guard against repining and despondency. If thy sun shall continue to shine, be not elated and forget not thy God. Remember thy dependence and be humble. Improve all the events of Providence for a greater acquaintance with thy Maker and thyself. Perform the duties of the day and the hour, in the day and the hour, and thy work will always be done. Let this year be thus begun and life thus finished, and thou shalt hear this eulogium pronounced upon thyself:....Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

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A SHORT SERMON.

Matthew xvi. 26.

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

HOW little attention does this infinitely important subject gain in the world! How few consider the salvation of their souls as the great business of life! You, who are reading these lines, did you ever lay it to heart, and are you acting accordingly? If this is your case, the following language will express your heart-felt convictions: "I have a soul as well as a body. My soul must live forever, in happiness or in misery. It is capable of inconceivably greater pain and pleasure than my body. It is a matter of comparatively little importance, whether I am in abject poverty, or in the greatest affluence, during the few years I am to continue in the present world! whether I am respected or depised by my fellow mortals; whether my body is sickly, or healthy, full of pain, or at ease. These are matters of small consequence; death is certain, and it is near. "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," may soon be pronounced over my lifeless body. In a dying moment, if I could call the whole world my own, what good would it do me? what comfort could it afford me? But whether my soul is to be eternally happy or miserable, the companion of angels and saints made perfect around the throne of God, or doomed to weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, with devils and damned spirits in hell, where the worm never dieth, and where the fire never will be quenched—this is the most momentous inquiry I ought to make. To escape from the wrath to come, and secure an inheritance among the saints in light, ought to be my great concern. Is it so? Which world is most in my thoughts, this or the next? Which am I most anxious about? Am I not often inquiring, "What shall I eat, what shall I drink, and wherewith shall I be clothed?" But when did I seriously inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" If I have no prevailing concern about my soul, I may be certain its state is bad, and its danger extreme."

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Extract from the Theological Magazine.

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The following letter, written by a minister in New-England at least one hundred years ago, will shew what was the simplicity of that day; and may serve to instruct and edify the serious readers of your publication.

Copy of a letter written by the Rev. J. Elliot, of Guilford, (Connecticut) to his brother B. Elliot, of Roxbury.

DEAR BROTHER,

Yours I received, and thought on. The question is, how to live in this world so as to live in Heaven? It is one of the common places of my heart, that I have often occasion to study, and therefore takes me not unprovided. It is hard to keep up the helm among so many cross winds, and eddies, and outlands, and boardings of creatures, as we meet withall upon this sea of glass and fire. And truly that man knows not his own heart who findeth it not difficult to break through the entanglements of the world.

Creature-smiles stop and entice away the affections from Jesus Christ. Creature-frowns discompose and tempestuate the spirit, that thinks it does well to be angry. Both ways grace is a loser. We had all need to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. The greatest of your conflicts and causes of complaint, seem here to have their or ginal. Temptations follow tempers. As there are two predominant qualities in the temper of every body, so there are two predominant sins in every heart; and pride is one in all men in the world: the other is care about futurities. I will tell you familiarly what God has done for my soul, and in what tract my soul keeps towards himself.

I am come to a conclusion to look for no great matters in this world, but to know Jesus Christ and him crucified. I make the best way in a low gait. A high spirit and a high sail together would be dangerous; therefore I prepare to live low....I desire not much; I pray against it. My study is my calling. So much as to attend to that without distraction, I am bound to plead for; and more I desire not.

By my secluded retirements, I have advantage to observe how every day's occasions insensibly wear off the heart from God, and bury it in self; which they that live in the noise and lumber of the world cannot be sensible of.

I have learned to see a need of every thing God gives me, and to need nothing that he denies me. There is no dispensation, though cross and afflictive, but either in it or after it, I find I could not have done without it; and nothing I am without, whether it be taken from me, or not given to me, but sooner or later God quiets me in himself without it. I cast all my care upon the Lord, and I live securely on the wisdom and care of my heavenly Father. My ways, you know, are in some sense hedged up with thorns, and grow darker and darker daily; yet I mistrust not my God in the least, and live more quiet in the absence of all, by faith, than I should do, I am persuaded, if I possessed them. I think the Lord deals kindly with me, to make me believe for all my mercies before I have them; they will be Isaac's sons of laughter; for, the less reason hath to work upon, the more freely faith will cast itself on the faithfulness of God. I find that while faith is steady, nothing can disquiet me; and when faith totters, nothing can establish me. If I ramble out among means and creatures, I am presently lost, and can come to no end; but if I stay myself on God, and leave him to work in his own way and time, I am at rest, and can lie down and sleep in a promise, though a thousand rise up against me. Therefore my way is, not to cast beforehand, but work with God by the day, sufficient to the day is the work thereof. I find so much to do continually with my calling and my heart, that I have no time to puzzle myself with peradventures and futurities.

As to the state of the times, it is very gloomy and tempestuous; but why do the heathen rage? Faith lies at anchor in the midst of the waves, and believes the accomplishment of the promises, through all the overturnings, and confusions, and seeming impossibilities. Upon this, God do I believe, who is our God forever, and will guide us unto death. Methinks I lie becalmed in His bosom, like Luther. In such a case I am not much troubled; let Christ see to it. I know prophecies are now dark, the books are sealed, and men have all been deceived, and every vision fails; yet God doth continue faithful. It is He that hath promised, who will also do it. I believe these dark times are the womb of a bright morning.

Many things more I might have added, but enough. O! Brother, keep close to God, and then you need fear

nothing. Maintain secret and intimate acquaintance with him; and then a little of the creature will go a great way. Take time for duties in private. Croud not religion into a corner of the day. There is a Dutch proverb, "No body will get by thieving, or lose by praying." Lay up all your good in God, so as to overbalance the sweetness and bitterness of all creatures. Spend no time in forehand contrivances for this world; they never succeed. God will run his dispensations another way. Self-contrivances are the effects of unbelief. I can speak by experience; would men spend those hours they wear out in plots and devices, in communion with God, and leave all on him by venturesome believing, they would have more peace and comfort. I leave you with your God and mine. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit. Pray for your own soul; pray for Jerusalem, and pray hard for your poor brother,

J. ELLIOT.

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ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR.

[*From the London Evangelical Magazine.*]

MR. PRATT, in the second volume of his Gleanings, relates an affecting anecdote of a sailor on board the Venerable, the ship in which Admiral Duncan commanded the fleet in the action against the Dutch, off Camperdown. He received the account from Dr. Duncan, Lord Duncan's chaplain and relative, who, in the action, assisted the surgeon and his mate in binding up the wounds, and amputating the limbs of the unfortunate sufferers. "A mariner," says the Doctor, "of the name of Covey, was brought down to the surgery deprived of both his legs; and it was necessary, some hours after, to amputate still higher." "I suppose," said Covey, with an oath, "those scissors will finish the business of the ball, master mate?" "Indeed, my brave fellow," cried the surgeon, "there is some fear of it." "Well, never mind," said Covey, "I have lost my legs to be sure, and mayhap may lose my life; but," continued he, with a dreadful oath, "we have beat the Dutch! we have beat the Dutch! so I'll even have another cheer for it: Huzza! huzza!"

This anecdote is rendered more interesting still, by some prior and subsequent circumstances attending this poor sailor. Covey was a good seaman, and noticed among his ship mates for his intrepidity ; but he was pre-eminent in sin, as well as in courageous actions. About a fortnight before the English fell in with the Dutch fleet, he dreamed that they were in an engagement, in which both his legs were shot off, and that he was out of his mind. The dream made this courageous seaman tremble, and sometimes attempt to pray ; but, not liking to retain God in his thoughts, he endeavored to obliterate the impressions from his memory, and the recollection of his sins from his conscience, by drinking and blasphemous intercourse with the ship's company. His efforts, however, were in vain. The thoughts of his sins, of God, and of death, harrassed his mind day and night, and filled him with gloomy forebodings of what awaited him in this world and in the next, till the sight of the Dutch fleet, and their conversation with each other concerning the heroic achievements they should perform, dispelled the gloomy subject from his mind. As the two fleets were coming into action, the noble Admiral, to save the lives of his men, ordered them to lie flat on the deck, till, being nearer the enemy, their firing might do the more execution. The Dutch ships at this time were pouring their broadsides into the Venerable, as she passed down part of the Dutch fleet, in order to break their line. This stout hearted and wicked Covey, having lost all the impressions of his former reflections, heaped in rapid succession the most dreadful imprecations on the eyes, and limbs, and soul, of what he called his cowardly shipmates, for lying down to avoid the ball of the Dutch. He refused to obey the order till, fearing the authority of an officer not far from him, he in part complied, by leaning over a cask, which stood near, till the word of command was given to fire. At the moment of rising, a bar-shot carried away one of his legs and the greater part of the other ; but, so instantaneous was the stroke, though he was sensible of something like a jar in his limbs, he knew not that he had lost a leg till his stump came to the deck, and he fell. When his legs, were amputated higher up, and the noise of the battle had ceased, he thought of his dream ; and expected, that as one part of it was fulfilled, the other would

be so too. Indeed, considering the pain of amputating and dressing both legs, and the agitation of his mind from fearing the full accomplishment of his dream, it appears next to a miracle that he retained his reason in the most perfect state; but this was to be explained to him at a future period. Some time after, he came out of Haslar hospital, capable of walking by means of two wooden legs and two crutches; but his spirits were sorely dejected, from fearing that, as his sins had brought upon him the judgments of God in the loss of his limbs, they would bring it upon him in the loss of his reason, and the loss of his soul.

Having heard of Orange-street Chapel, Portsea, he came on the first Sabbath evening after his leaving the hospital. The text that evening was Mark v. 15, "And they come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind." The minister represented this demoniac as a fit emblem of sinners in general; but especially of those who live without rule and order, drunkards, blasphemers, and injurious to themselves and others; but his sitting at the feet of Jesus clothed, and in his right mind, as an engaging representation of the sinner converted to God by the gospel, made sensible of the evil of sin, the value of his soul, and the necessity of salvation through a crucified Redeemer; enjoying peace of mind, having fellowship with Christ and his people, submitting to the authority of the Scriptures, and receiving instructions from Christ, the Friend of sinners. Covey listened with attention and surprise; wondered how the minister should know him among so many hundred people; or who could have told him his character and state of mind. His astonishment was still more increased when he found him describe, as he thought, the whole of his life, and even his secret sins. He could not account for it, why a minister should make a sermon all about him, a poor wooden-legged sailor. His sins being brought afresh to his mind, filled him with horrors tenfold more gloomy than before. Despair for some minutes took a firm hold on his spirits; and he thought he was now going out of his mind, should die and be lost; till the minister declared Jesus Christ was as willing to save the vilest of sinners, as he was to relieve this poor creature, possessed of the devil; and that a man

was restored to his right mind when he believed in him. He now began to understand the true interpretation of his dream. He thought he had been out of his mind all his life, and that to love and serve Jesus Christ would be a restoration to his right senses again. He was now almost overwhelmed with pleasure. While hearing of the astonishing love of Jesus Christ to sinners, hope took the place of despair, and joy of grief and horror! Those eyes which had never shed a tear when he lost his legs, nor when the shattered parts of his limbs were amputated, now wept in copious streams, flowing from strong sensations of mingled joy and sorrow!

Some weeks after this, he called and related to me the whole of his history and experience. He was surprised to find that I had never received any information about him at the time the sermon was preached, which so exactly met his case. Something more than twelve months after this time, he was received a member of our church, having given satisfactory evidences of being a genuine and consistent Christian. A few weeks since, hearing he was ill, I went to visit him. When I entered his room, he said, "Come in, thou man of God! I have been longing to see you, and to tell you the happy state of my mind. I believe I shall soon die; but death now has no terrors in it. The sting of death is sin; but, thanks be to God, he has given me the victory through Jesus Christ. I am going to heaven! O! what has Jesus done for me, one of the vilest sinners of the human race!" A little before he died, when he thought himself within a few hours of dissolution, he said, "I have often thought it was a hard thing to die, but now I find it a very easy thing to die. The presence of Christ makes it easy. The joy I feel from a sense of the love of God to sinners, from the thought of being with the Saviour, of being free from a sinful heart, and of enjoying the presence of God forever, is more than I can express! O how different my thoughts of God, and of myself, and of another world, from what they were when I lost my precious limbs on board the Venerable! It was a precious loss to me! If I had not lost my legs, I should perhaps have lost my soul!" With elevated and clasped hands, and with eyes glistening with earnestness, through the tears which flowed down his face, he said, "O, my dear minis-

ter, I pray you, when I am dead, to preach a funeral sermon for a poor sailor; and tell others, especially sailors, who are as ignorant and as wicked as I was, that poor, blaspheming Covey found mercy with God, through faith in the blood of Christ! Tell them, that since I have found mercy, none that seek it need to despair. You know better than I do what to say to them! But, O! be in earnest with them; and may the Lord grant that my wicked neighbours and fellow sailors may find mercy as well as Covey!" He said much more; but the last words he uttered were "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

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The following Report of the Trustees of the New-Hampshire Missionary Society includes the account of Missionary service, and the state of the Funds, from June 1808 *to June* 1809.

AT the annual meeting, June 1, 1808, the Trustees agreed to procure 74 weeks of Missionary service, the then ensuing year, to be performed as follows:—

The Rev. Jacob Cram was desired to labor 16 weeks among the Indians, at his discretion—The Rev. John H. Church was desired to perform Missionary service 16 weeks, west of Lake Champlain—The Rev. Curtis Coe 12 weeks, at his discretion—The Rev. Samuel Hidden 12 weeks, north of Tamworth—The Rev. David Sutherland 6 weeks, in the northern parts of the State—The Rev. Christopher Paige 8 weeks, on the high lands between Salisbury and Haverhill—And the Rev. Ebenezer Price 4 weeks on the same ground.

The Trustees procured for distribution 200 Catechisms; and the Society agreed to give one year's instruction to an Indian youth, who was introduced by Mr Cram. He was placed under the tuition of Rev. Dr. Thayer.

Some part of the service, which was assigned as above, has not been performed. Rev. Messrs. Hidden and Price failed of performing the service assigned to them, making a deficiency of 16 weeks. Some part of this deficiency, we hope, is made up by a subsequent appointment. A mission of 12 weeks was given to Mr. Jacob Burbank, a candidate, to be performed west of Lake Champlain; and he gave encouragement that he would perform some part or all the time.

The journals of the missionaries, the past year, which have been received, afford great encouragement that their labors were beneficial to the souls of men.

The tour of Mr. Church, in the State of New-York, was performed in the best season, beginning in July, and ending the former part of October last. He preached in Hubbardstown, Crown Point, Moriah, Elizabeth-town, Willsborough, Chesterfield, Lewis, Keene, Alstead, Jay, Plattsburg, Peru, Moors, Chateaugay, Malone, Moira, Hopkinton, Stockholm, Potsdam, Canton, Decall, Cambray, Rutland, Adams, Loraine, Redfield, Florence, Camden, No. 8, and Western. According to his journal, there is great encouragement to send missionaries into those parts, the harvest being great, but laborers few.

Rev. Mr. Coe performed his tour in the best season, in the northern and northeast part of the State. He visited 23 towns as missionary ground, preached 71 discourses, and baptized, visited, and labored in the vineyards of our Lord; and according to his journal, we trust his labors were blessed.

Rev. Mr. Sutherland performed his tour of 6 weeks, in the northern part of the State, as directed. He performed in a good season of the year, preached 61 sermons, baptized 31 persons, and performed much other ministerial labor.

The journal of Mr. Cram is long; and it affords encouragement, that, by perseverance, good may be done among the Indians. The Oneida nation was the principal field of his labors; and he found some fruits of the Gospel among them. He found, that conference with the Indians was a profitable mode of instruction, and accordingly he improved this mode. The pagan Indians, who are under the influence of the Allegany prophet, still persisted in refusing to hear the Gospel of Christ; but it is to be hoped that their prejudices will wear away; and that the time is not far distant when God will open their hearts to attend to the Gospel. Mr. Cram thinks, that it is an object of consequence to send a missionary to Oneida, and the region round about.

Rev. Christopher Paige performed his tour as directed, on the high lands between the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers. His route was, of course, rather confined; yet he found numbers desirous to hear the Gospel.

ADDRESS.

It is with confidence that we appeal to the public, when it is considered that our Institution is wholly of a charitable nature, and this charity is of the most important kind. How much more loudly are we called upon to do something to benefit the souls, than we are to feed the bodies of the destitute! As much as eternity outweighs time. Do we esteem it a privilege that we have that Gospel which bringeth salvation, and shall we not make some efforts to extend this privilege to others? Is it a faithfu' saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners? and shall we not endeavor that our fellow mortals, perishing for lack of vision, should enjoy the benefits of this gracious message? Say not, reader, that by sending missionaries into the destitute settlements, we prevent them from sett'ing ministers among themselves. Facts have proved the contrary to us. By having the preaching of missionaries, a lively sense of the importance of Gospel institutions is maintained in the minds of those who inhabit the wilderness, and they are prompted by this, to establish ministers among them, when their condition will admit. Whereas by living wholly without preaching, a generation comes forward in a state approaching heathenism, careless and insensible of the value of religious instruction. How small is the aid which the Society asks of you, when compared with the magnitude of the object! You will not refuse to bestow food on a poor and destitute traveller. Can you refuse to bestow a sum, not more perhaps than the supper which you give the weary traveler would amount to, that souls famishing, and in the way to ruin, may be fed with the bread of life? We ask you to examine the nature and object of our institution; and then think of the state of those savages who have never heard that a Savior has been provided for sinners: or think of your children, or brothers, or sisters, who have gone into the new settlements, where it is not possible for them to enjoy the regular administration of the Gospel; and then judge if the object be not important, if it be not worthy of attention. Judge, in short, whether such an object be not a fair claim on your charity.

STATEMENT

Of the Society, funds, and accounts, from June 1, 1808, to June 7, 1809.

Balance due to the Society after settlement with the Treasurer	D.	1216 7
Annual tax of 91 members		182
Legacy of Capt. William Tenny's estate		2
Entrance of 9 members		18
		1418 07

CONTRIBUTIONS.

From Newport	21	50
Concord	24	
Francistown	17	50
Boscawen, East Society	17	19
Chichester	2	16
Boscawen, West Society	9	58
Salisbury	19	80
Henniker, Calvinistic Society	10	60
Candia	3	12
Dunbarton	12	27
Hopkinton	15	
Lebanon	10	36
	163	08

Avails of the Female Cent Society.

Hollis	3	6
Lebanon	11	23
Somersworth	7	
Pembroke	9	54
Concord	11	22
Ditto, in addition		50
Orford	7	
Hanover	6	
New-Ipswich	18	86
Plymouth	3	6
Pelham	11	21
Exeter	36	8
Ditto, last year	40	
Dunbarton	4	2
Francistown	4	22

Dunbarton	1	
Hopkinton	3	50
Lebanon	1	
New-Ipswich	18	
	196	29

DONATIONS.

From Rev. John Bruce, Mont-Vernon	2	
From a Lady in Massachusetts, by Rev. A. M'Farland		50
From three members of the Church in Pelham, by Rev. John H. Church	11	
From several Gentlemen in New-Ipswich, by Noah Bartlett, Esq.	15	
From Mr. William Parker, Goffstown	1	
From several Ladies in Goffstown, by Rev. David L. Morrill	3	51
From a Lady in Candia, by Rev. Jesse Remington	3	
From a friend to missions, by Rev. Eli Smith, Hollis	5	
From Rev. Joshua Young	1	
From persons on missionary ground, by Rev. Micaiah Porter		83
From a friend to missions, by Rev. Daniel Staniford	1	
From Polly Mayham		6
From a friend to missions, by Rev. Ebenezer Price	8	
	51	90

Avails of Vol. I. of the Repository.

1808.		
June 16. Remittances made by George Hough, from sundry towns	278	22
By Rev. Timothy Clark	25	
By Rev. Ethan Smith	20	
Nov. 7. Remittances made by George Hough, from sundry towns	127	68

By Rev. David Sutherland	4	50
By Rev. Lemuel Bliss	5	10
	460	50

A considerable part of the avails of this Volume of the Repository had not come to hand at the time of closing the Treasurer's account for the year past.

Avails of the Summary of Christian Doctrines, &c.

By Rev. Moses Bradford	7	2
By Rev. Abijah Wines	1	20
By Rev. Ethan Smith		40
	8	62

Donations in Books for distribution.

From a friend to missions, in Hollis, 12 pamphlets.

From Deacon J. How, 7 pamphlets.

From Mrs. Hannah Church, one volume of Massachusetts Magaz nes, and 10 of Rev. Mr. Noyes' Dialogues on Infant Baptism.

Disbursements by order of the Trustees, from June 1, 1808, to June 7, 1809.

To Mr. Enoch Long, jun. for making up 1000 copies of the Summary	15	
For printing b'ank receipts	2	
Services of the Treasurer	8	
Account of the Treasurer for stationary		25
For the purchase of 200 Catechisms, with references, &c. for distribution	25	
Services of the Secretary	8	
Account of the Secretary for stationary, postage, advertisement, &c.	2	28
One counterfeit bill	3	
Remittance of a tax, and interest on the same	2	39
Remittance of the taxes of a member deceased, and interest on the same	4	41

To George Hough, for printing and making up 2000 copies of four numbers of the Repository, packing, directing, &c.	394	85
To Rev. W. Harris for services in conveying the Repository - - - -	2	
To Rev. Curtis Coe for 12 weeks of missionary service - - - - - -	108	
To Rev. John H. Church for 12 weeks of missionary service - - - - -	108	
To Rev. C. Paige for 8 weeks of missionary service - - - - - -	72	
To Rev. D. Sutherland for 6 weeks of missionary service - - - - - -	54	
To Rev. J. Cram for 12 weeks of missionary service - - - - - -	108	
To Rev. E. Thayer, D. D. for boarding and instructing an Indian youth 48 weeks	60	
To George Hough, for printing and making up 2000 copies of two numbers of the Repository, packing, directing, &c.	195	
	1122	18

The Society have distributed, on missionary ground, the year past, 12 bound books, and 398 pamphlets. And there are now in the hands of the Secretary for distribution, 9 bound books, and 640 pamphlets, tracts, &c.

N. B. We anticipate so much of the Report of the next year, as to observe, that the Trustees of the Missionary Society have agreed to procure 52 weeks of missionary service to be performed the ensuing year, as follows:

16 weeks to be performed by Rev. Jacob Cram, among the Indians.

12 weeks to be performed by Rev. Samuel Hidden, of Tamworth, north of Tamworth, and round the White Hills.

12 weeks to be performed by Rev. Caleb Burge, of Guildhall, in the northern parts of this State.

12 weeks to be performed by Rev. Lemuel Bliss, of Bradford, on the height of land between Salisbury and Haverhill, in this State.

And the Missionary Society have agreed to do something more for the Indian youth, provided he will return

to us. He is now gone home to visit his friends. He appears pious and promising. He has made laudable progress in his studies with Rev. Doctor Thayer, the year past. He is decently qualified to teach a school among his brethren. And we hope he will return, and become qualified to preach among them.—It is indeed pleasing to see some of the Aborigines making progress in literature; and to hear them talking the language of Canaan.

Officers, chosen June 1809, *for the year ensuing.*

Rev. Elihu Thayer, D. D. President, } Trustees
Rev. Ethan Smith, Secretary, } ex officio.
Mr. Enoch Long, jun. Treasurer.

Rev. Messrs. William Morrison,
Samuel Wood,
Walter Harris,
Moses Bradford,
Pearson Thurston,
William F. Rowland,
Asa M'Farland,
Abijah Wines,
Hon. Thomas W. Thompson,
Major John Mills,
} Trustees.

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The Rev. Mr. John Wade, treating upon the observance of the Lord's day, quotes the following lines from the venerable and pious Mr. Herbert.

SUNDAYS observe: think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis Angels music; therefore come not late;
God there deals blessings; if a King did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?
. . . . . O be drest;
Stay not for the other pin: why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

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